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WHEN THE TOWN GOES TO LUNCH

At the noon hour Indianapolis presents its busiest appearance. "Noon hour" is really but a figure of speech, for instead of being sixty minutes duration, the noon hour begins at 11 o'clock and lasts until 2. It takes the town just three hours to eat its luncheon. Not that the Hosier capital is slow in consuming its mid-day meal—Oh dear, no, quite the contrary!—but in order to allow business to progress without too much of an interruption the good Indianapolitans must eat their luncheons in relays. In the cities of the Old World business shuts down for a couple of hours when the sun is highest in the heavens, and the man who works turns away from the hurry and worry of a busy life long enough to give his brain a bit of a rest and his stomach something of a treat. But in America—and particularly in the hustling, bustling cities of the Middle West—recreation must not be permitted to interfere with business until the day's work is entirely at an end. And so Indianapolis goes about eating its luncheon in much the same do-or-die spirit with which it goes about its trade and traffic.

From 11 until 2 the down-town streets are teeming with a swarm of humanity that seems to be engaged in a continual struggle for life between the wheels of lumbering vehicles and amid the hundred dangers that follow in the wake of the swift electric car. Everybody seems to be either on the way from "business to lunch," or else on the way from "lunch to business." Merchants, professional men, clerks, department store employes, stenographers and laborers who earn their daily bread by manual toil are to be seen hastening backward and forward between the numberless eating places and the offices, stores, warehouses and factories of the busy city. The trolley cars are all packed with passengers at this time of the day, for thousands of workers who are not too greatly pressed for time, prefer eating their noon-day meal in their own homes rather than in the crowded restaurants and cafes of the city's business district.

"ON THE WAY FROM BUSINESS TO LUNCH OR FROM LUNCH TO BUSINESS.

Indianapolis is not a city of high-class eating houses for the very reason that, despite its remarkable growth in recent years, it still remains distinctively a city of homes, and the man who could afford to patronize the best restaurants finds it much pleasanter to go to his own residence for his luncheon and enjoy his mid-day refreshment in the bosom of his family. And so, as there is little demand for the best in culinary art, the vast majority of the local eating places are modest establishments where well-cooked but unpretentious dishes may be had at very reasonable prices.

The dairy lunch has become very popular in this city of late and in any of the restaurants where dairy edibles are made the most prominent feature of the menus, you will find a crowd of busy mortals during the noon hour. A "dairy lunch" does not necessarily mean a repast made up of such healthful things as milk and butter and eggs, for the dairy lunch counter is the home of the pie and rich pastry and other tempting palate ticklers whose object in this world is to promote dyspepsia. At the dairy lunch counter is to be found the man who devours two big, flabby doughnuts, a couple of leaden "butter cakes" and a slice of cream pie. He is offensively cheerful and optimistic about the proceeding and if you chance to meet him later in the day and find him looking into space with a vacant stare he will tell you that he can't for the life of him imagine what has caused his sudden indisposition.

The experienced restaurant managers will tell you that they have far more trouble in satisfying customers during the summer months than they do during the winter—especially the noonday meal. In the winter time the man who works is usually hungry by the time the noon hour comes around and has no difficulty in quickly making up his mind as to whether he would rather have a bowl of soup, a couple of lamb chops or a plate of pork and beans. But the same individual is seldom hungry in the middle of a hot day. He eats just because he thinks he ought to eat, imaginging that something might go wrong with him if he abstains from food until evening. And oftimes the very fellow who is the most anxious regarding his internal machinery is the one to devour the biggest slice of underdone pie to be found on the lunch counter.

The waiters say that Indianapolis men are cross in the summer time when they come into the restaurants for luncheon.

"WITH A PLATE OF CORN BEEF AND CABBAGE AND A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE."

"They don't want to be crowded in the least," said one waiter the other day, as he recited his woes to a couple of newspaper men. "They want plenty of room and they all want to be situated right square under the electric fan. And they are all in such a desperate hurry, too. Some of 'em are not willing to wait long enough to have their dishes cooked properly and then they complain if the food doesn't suit 'em. Others can't decide what they want to eat. Now just look at that man over there at the table in the corner—the little man with the big slice of watermelon. He gave three orders before he finally hit upon the watermelon, canceling each one of 'em before I could get to the kitchen. He simply didn't know what he wanted—asked first for bacon and eggs, switched off onto beefsteak and boiled potatoes, then sidetracked onto an order of corn-on-the-cob and a glass of milk.

"CAUGHT ME JUST AS I HAD REACHED THE SWINGING DOORS."

I was hurrying away with all my might, making a dash for the kitchen in the hope that I could reach my destination before he could say another word. But he was too smart for me. He caught me just as I reached the swinging doors—ran after me, you understand—and asked me if I didn't think a quarter of watermelon would be the best thing for him, after all. I told him that I thought maybe a pink pill might do him more good than anything else, but that we didn't have any in stock. There are lots of chaps just like him. They really don't want anything to eat and they make life a burden for the waiters when they try to make up their minds as to what they'd better tackle."

The high-class restaurants and cafes are hardly to be considered at all in the town's rush for the midday meal. Of course, the fashionable places, where the best of things on the market are to be had and where the best of cooking is demanded and obtained, are well patronized by the people who have the time and money to indulge in the most tempting of hot-weather dishes, but these people do not belong to the hurry-up crowd. Occasionally a man who possesses an appetite for the luxuries of life, but who, at the same time is hard pressed for time at the noon hour, is to be seen at one of the quick-lunch places trying to satisfy his inward cravings in a way that would bring tears to the eyes of an out-and-out epicure. As the 12 o'clock whistles were blowing the other day a well-known man-about-town who is connected with a certain ice company was to be seen sitting at a little table in a basement lunch-place on South Meridian street with a plate of corned beef and cabbage and a pint bottle of champagne on the colored cotton table cloth before him! He paid 15 cents for the luncheon and $2 for the wine. If the chef from one of the fashionable clubs or hotels had chanced to walk into that place at the time it's dollars to peanuts that he would have fallen to the floor in a blue fit.

Down around the Union Station, where many cheap restaurants are to be found, there is always a rush of business in the middle of the day, no matter what the season of the year. The noon hour meal in this district is not luncheon, but dinner; it's the all-important meal of the day and you are given all that you can eat for 25 cents—sometimes less.

The proprietors of these eating places are not at all backward in heralding to an interested world that they are serving the best dinners on earth at the prices asked. Each of the cheaper restaurants clustered about the depot employs a smooth-tongued gentleman whose business it is to stand out on the sidewalk in front of his respective "cafe"—most of them are "cafes"—for the purpose of inviting the hungry public to "jest step inside an' git your money's worth, and if you don't git all you want to eat, you git your money back."

Table etiquette is not of any great importance in these dining rooms, and the man

"BALANCING A FRIED EGG ON THE END OF HIS KNIFE."

who can balance a fried egg on the end of his knife, while conveying the said egg to his mouth, is more likely to be admired for his skill than to be tabooed for his manners. It isn't everybody that can accomplish this feat, and it seems to be generally agreed that the person who can succeed in doing it as it should be done is deserving of some degree of appreciation. To see it done gracefully is most gratifying. There is something beautiful about it. But beyond all doubt ability in this direction is a gift of nature, although constant practice will, of course, help one to attain the perfection that every true artist should always covet. If you are ambitious to add this accomplishment to your list of other talents there is no better place to go into training than these eating houses in question. Fried eggs are plentiful there, and, as knives are more common than any other table weapons, there is no earthly reason why you shouldn't at least have every opportunity to indulge in a thorough schooling. You will not be the only student present, for you will find that nearly everybody else is practicing, too. If you can't succeed, after a series of determined efforts, it's because nature never intended you for a juggler.

Where do all of the working girls of the town eat their luncheons? That question would be a hard one to answer in its entirety. Hundreds of them take their own lunches down to the stores or offices where they are employed; hundreds have little paper boxes of "prepared lunches" sent to them from the bakeries that make a specialty of this sort of thing; many of them go to the inexpensive little restaurants in the vicinity of the public library or to the Woman's Exchange, on North Pennsylvania street, where good lunches are to be obtained very quickly, and some few of them patronize the more pretentious restaurants further down town. Sometimes the typewriter girl—if she chances to be a pretty one—goes out to luncheon with her employer in order to talk over letters, bills, accounts and other important matters pertaining strictly to business. In such cases the conversation is invariably of such a prosaic nature that to dwell upon the subject at length would be to tire the reader unnecessarily. As the French dramatist, M. Octave Mirbeau, would say, "Les affaires sont les affaires."

"GOES OUT TO LUNCHEON WITH HER EMPLOYER."

And the free lunches! Gracious! who could overlook 'em? The moralist may find food for thought here—while those who are not so particular will find the food quite adequate to meet other demands. Let it be said at once, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that Indianapolis need not take a back seat when it comes to the free lunch. Some of the barrooms of the Hoosier capital pride themselves upon seting a table upon which are to be found all sorts of good things to eat and the customer who buys liquid refreshment of any kind is entitled to partake quite freely. During the hot summer months many business and professional men prefer the free lunch to any other kind and it is by no means the man of small means or the saving man who predominates at the free lunch table, for just as often as not you will discover that the gentleman who seems most interested in the delicacies of the barroom is either a personage of wealth or a man who is known to be a "spender."

It doesn't take the public long, at the beginning of a summer season, to find out where the best free lunches are to be obtained, and throughout the warm months of the year the barrooms that give particular attention to the high standard of their lunch tables are the ones that are crowded between the hours of 11 and 2. To observe a party of men about a free lunch table is to study humanity from an amusing viewpoint. There is always such a tremendous variety of hot and cold dishes spread out upon the table that the partakers have a hard time of it deciding upon their choices of food. Because of the fact that he is getting something for nothing, the average man wishes to avoid all outward appearance of making too much of such a glorious opportunity. He will walk up to the table nonchalantly, after quaffing his liquid refreshment, as if he just wanted to look things over more out of curiosity than for any other reason. Then, with an expression denoting utter indifference to such a trivial thing as an appetite, he will deign to eat a piece of cold roast beef and a slice of rye bread. He will then proceed to gaze at the pictures on the walls of the place as if he had never seen them before (he comes in every day without fail) and chances to find himself, in the course of his survey, alongside the lunch table again. As the tempting viands thus deliberately thrust themselves upon him, he resignedly condescends to devour another slice of roast beef—a bigger one this time—and a hard boiled egg and a couple of olives, and a pig's knuckle and a pickle and a few other things not worth mentioning.

On the free lunch tables of the cheaper barrooms are to be found strange, unheard of things that are said, by some people who have tried 'em, to be good to eat. Where these things come from nobody knows but the barkeep, and the chances are that he won't tell if he knows his business. And whether they belong to the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom, or all three—or neither—is a question for debate. But, despite the mystery connected with them, these lunches are well patronized by a large class of workers, who not only manage to devour them, but to thrive so well upon them that the same enthusiasts turn up with each succeeding day for more.

It would be a matter of interest to calculate the amount of money that circulates in Indianapolis when the town takes its noon-day repast, and the amount of food and drink consumed between the hours of 11 and 2 by the good Indianapolitans. But that would be another story.

LOUIS W. JONES.

"PREFER A FREE LUNCH TO ANY OTHER KIND."

REFORM OF CURRENCY

INDIANA BANKERS ARE DISCUSSING SUITABLE REMEDIES.

General Belief Is that Some Plan Must Be Devised to Correct Evils Dangerous to Business.

MEANING OF ASSET CURRENCY

BANKERS OF INDIANAPOLIS TALK ABOUT THE SITUATION.

Meeting of State Bankers' Association at South Bend Awaited with Interest—Branch Banking.

In what way shall the currency system of the United States be made more elastic? Is the Fowler plan of asset currency what this country needs? Shall the currency system be made more elastic by a plan yet to be devised, or shall the change be brought about by a combination of the Fowler and other plans that have been under consideration for several years?

These questions are again becoming prominent with Indianapolis and Indiana bankers. Not that the question of currency reform has not been in the minds of the bankers and the financial community all the time, but just now two things are bringing them up for more constant consideration than has been the case since the Fowler and Aldrich bills were before the last Congress.

At the Indiana Bankers' annual meeting at South Bend next month the currency reform question will be brought up for discussion, and the State association may be asked to take a stand on the matter. Congressman Fowler, chairman of the currency committee of the House, will be at South Bend to address the bankers' convention, and, of course, he will advocate the passage of an asset currency bill. The second thing that causes the banking and financial community to spend more time studying the currency question is the approach of November, when, it is expected, President Roosevelt will call an extra session of Congress to take up, among other things, the currency reform question.

NEEDS A NEW SYSTEM.

That the currency system of this country is not what it ought to be, that the country has outgrown its currency system, and that some sort of reform is needed to make the currency more elastic, few, if any, of the Indianapolis bankers gainsay. The dangerous condition of the money market last fall and Secretary Shaw's expediency measure to release money, by which the national banks issued circulation on securities other than government bonds, and the present nervous condition of the money and stock markets, are conclusive evidence to the banking and general financial interests that the country has approached a point when it has become a necessity that the currency system shall be made more elastic, that it shall be made adaptable to the heavy demands made upon it at certain times of the year, to which it is not adequate.

But so far as Indianapolis and Indiana are concerned it is the general opinion among men who observe conditions that the bankers of this State are far from a decision as to what means shall be taken to make the currency more elastic. Unless there is a speedy unification of opinion among the bankers on this matter it is not probable that an effort to have the State Bankers' Association take a definite and well-defined stand upon the currency reform question would be in any measure successful.

"I am watching this matter pretty closely," said a leading banker of this city, "and I think the general opinion of the banking interests of Indianapolis is that asset currency is not what we want to change our currency system. That the currency of the United States is not elastic enough almost every banker in the city will admit. But there doesn't seem to be a consensus of opinion as to what means of reform would be best."

BETTER MEANS OF REFORM.

Said a man who is prominently connected with one of the larger trust companies: "For a long time I have thought that asset currency, as expounded by Mr. Fowler, would be the best way to change the currency system. But in the last few weeks I have begun to notice things that are tending to change my views upon the matter. And now I don't know but what there can be devised a better means of reform than asset currency."

The central idea of asset currency is that the banks themselves hold all assets, which are the basis and security on which circulation—or bank notes—is issued. Asset currency is a phrase peculiar to this country. All bank notes are really asset currency, as their value is based upon the assets of the bank issuing them. The bonds deposited by the banks with the Treasury Department as security for the notes are assets of the issuing bank. Banks are required to deposit government bonds in the Treasury Department for their circulation to guard against bad investments and other means of making the circulation worthless. Asset currency prevails in all civilized countries except the United States and that part of Great Britain called England. The Fowler bill provided that there should be created in the Treasury Department a department of banking and currency, to be under the direction of a board of three controllers. This department of the treasury is now under one controller.

"Asset currency ought to be better than government notes because the assets of the banks consist of the circulating property of the country," said Horace White, editor of the New York Evening Post, than whom there are few, if any, more profound students of currency. "If these assets are not good nothing is good. If they were not good the government could not long exist. The assets of the banks are partly cash and partly claims upon the holders and producers of the country's wealth of every description. The government has nothing but the right to tax, and this is effectual only in so far as the producing power of the country, in which the capital and deposits of the banks are invested, is profitably invested. There are other reasons why the banks are more fit to supply the Nation's currency. They are credit-dealing institutions, lending institutions, business institutions. The treasury, when it issues currency, is simply a borrower, and it can never be anything else unless it attempts to discount commercial paper, which nobody has yet produced and which no sane banker would consider possible under our form of government."

INDIANAPOLIS PLAN.

Of the currency reform plan adopted by the Indianapolis monetary convention of 1898 Mr. White says: "One feature of the Indianapolis plan of asset currency has not attracted the attention that it deserves. It provides that the government shall hold a 5 per cent. redemption fund for all banknotes, as now; also a 5 per cent. guarantee fund with the power to replenish it by taxation when needful; also a paramount lien on the assets of failed banks and on the shareholders' liability for the redemption of bank notes of such banks. Having supplied the government means in this way for the redemption of bank notes it provides that the treasury shall receive at par all such notes in payment to itself except for duties on imports, and that it shall not pay them to its own creditors without their consent. Under this plan the noteholder can, therefore, lose nothing, because he can use the notes in payment to the government and the government cannot lose because it is armed with the power to recoup itself."

Congressman Fowler's address at South Bend before the Indiana bankers probably will be somewhat on these lines: "There are four distinct causes of our trouble, for each of which there must be a specific remedy. First and most important, we have a broken down and rotten currency system, which, if not remedied, will bring this great Nation to bankruptcy. The second greatest evil from which we are suffering is an ill-advised system of currency that gives us a plethora of money at certain times of the year, begetting speculation at money centers, utterly failing to supply an adequate quantity at others, and constantly breeding money panics. These are the chief causes of commercial failure."

The subject of branch banking, which has been under consideration of the country for several years, probably will come up before the Indiana State Bankers' Association next month. There is not so much likelihood of an organized effort being made at the coming session of Congress to get passed a branch banking bill as there will be to get an asset currency bill through, but the subject of branch banking is usually discussed extensively when currency reform is being considered.

BRANCH BANKING.

One of the largest objections to branch banks is the one that this system would tend to drive the small banks in the country towns out of business. Charles G. Dawes, ex-controller of the currency, calls attention to the fact that the branch banking system would operate to make it more easy for large corporations to borrow money and more difficult for the customers of the small banking interests in the small towns through the Middle Western and Southern States. Under the branch banking if a small bank had more money on hand than it could use that money would be sent to the large bank of which it is a branch, and this money would thus get to the money centers.

"The criticism of the branch banking system that it would deprive rural communities of their banking facilities is not sound," said a director of the Union Trust Company. "For, under this system, the smallest community would have the advantage under the branch banking system of the best banking facilities in the country. Branch banking obtains in Ireland, and that country seems to be getting along very nicely with the system. Each of the great banks of Ireland has one hundred or more branches in the rural districts and in the smaller cities. When funds are not in use by the branches the money is forwarded to Belfast, and then, in turn, to London. By this method the resources are available all the time. The branch banking system should work here the same way."

British Use of English.

London Chronicle.

No man living, perhaps, can pronounce the English language aright at all times and in all places. For correctness depends largely on time and place, and sometimes to be right you must be wrong. As soon as you step on shipboard and sail, the horizon, being clear and definite, sheds the need for a long "i," and at sea it rhymes with "orison." In the army a route is always called a "rowte," being the only kind of rout the British army acknowledges. Moreover, the cavalry, by long-standing tradition, calls a horse an "'orse," and the order is "Stand to 'orses." The conscientious officer must find it a little difficult to recover the aspirate when he exchanges the camp for the drawing room.

A WONDERLAND OF 1904

MYSTERIOUS AND INTERESTING SIGHTS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Many Things to Entertain and Instruct Children—An Imaginary Party Escorted About.

World's Fair Bulletin.

Somewhere in Africa there is a large lake of clear water into which several rivers are constantly emptying, but which never overflows, although there is no visible outlet. Those who have visited the place say that a subterranean passage probably provides an escape, and that on very still days they have heard a roar like that of a distant cataract, and they believe the sound is caused by the rush of water through this mysterious channel.

Something like this has attracted a great deal of attention at the world's fair grounds at St. Louis, and will attract much more when visitors are arriving by the hundreds of thousands. There will be no lake in sight, but there will be a hidden river, and if the crowd only remains still long enough you will hear the roar beneath your feet; if not, you can make out the sound distinctly by pressing your ear to the ground at certain points which the guides will indicate.

If you wish to see this river, before it makes a plunge into the dark channel under the world's fair city, go to the north side of The Pike and then, on a day after a heavy rain, you will see it tossing and foaming as it tumbles into what resemble great jaws of wood, then disappearing from view. Would you like to see it again? Then walk along that roadway, which bends like a bow, and which will take you between the main buildings, and in fifteen or twenty minutes you will reach the eastern limits of the site, where the water will be seen once more tossing and foaming as it escapes from its buried passage way. It is now flowing into Forest Park, and will wind around the southern part of St. Louis until it reaches the Mississippi.

This river has been made a mysterious underground stream by the work of man. It flowed through the grounds where the world's fair is situated long before anyone ever thought of celebrating the Louisiana purchase, yes long before white men ever came to Missouri. It was a very crooked stream, flowing east, west, north and south, and when the directors had decided upon the exposition site, the men who were engaged to erect the buildings were in despair and cried out, "Why, that river will wash away all our foundations."

ENGINEERS AT WORK.

So a number of engineers were called upon to decide what was best to do, and their verdict was that the River des Peres—for that is its name, meaning the River of Our Fathers—must be put underground. This then was the first work done on the exposition grounds and it cost nearly $120,000 to build the huge aqueduct and divert the stream from its natural channel. It was work that does not show and you wouldn't have known anything about it if somebody hadn't told, but now that you do, just listen, after a heavy rain, and hear the roar of the water or go to the places I have mentioned and see the swirling current leap in and out the wooden mouths.

Can flowers tell the time of day? To be sure they can, and they are going to do so in two ways at the great fair next year. In the first place there is to be a great floral clock on the grounds, one that is a hundred feet in diameter. The face of this clock will be of flowers that grow close to the soil; the numerals will be of flowers of a different color, that are higher, and the hands will be of creeping vines. While you stand and watch you will see the vine-cluster that represents the minute hand slowly move as it sweeps around the large dial and if patient enough you may see the hour hand move also. What's the trick? you will ask. Well, it is very simple. Those vines which form the hands grow from long, shallow boxes which are supported on steel frames and these frames are connected by ingenious mechanism with clock work—which is within that ivy covered tower over there. Watch now! It is 11 o'clock. See, the door in the tower swings open and reveals shining wheels, huge weights and a swinging pendulum. Listen! What a sweet-voiced bell that is, sounding the hour in musical notes that can be heard all over the grounds.

The door closes again, the tower, seemingly a mass of ivy, is silent, the great, green hands continue their journey—all the machinery hidden by the leaves and petals.

But the second way in which the flowers tell the time? You have doubtless watched morning glories open soon after sunrise, and have noticed how regular they are, coming out of their sleep at the same hour every day. Naturalists have found in different parts of the world flowers that open at different hours, and specimens of these have been gathered for the World's Fair at St. Louis, where they are so arranged in little beds, opposite the numerals, that when the vine-covered hand points at a certain hour the flowers nearby will open. And thus they will continue to open, from early morning until late at night, when a wonderful lily of the Amazon, that has lain dormant while the sun was shining, spreads her long white petals in the shadows and gives forth a delicious perfume.

A LILIPUTIAN NAME.

Come now, children. Step this way, and we can easily imagine ourselves on the Island of Liliput, made famous in Gulliver's Travels. But it is a Liliput up to date, and there is a tiny railroad train—so small that one could almost pick up the locomotive—running on wee rails that look like narrow steel bands. But they stretch away and away and curve in and out. Toot! toot! toot! What a baby whistle! Let us take a seat. Yes, there's plenty of room, even for the grown-ups, because the cars have been built wide, even if they are very low. There, only one in a seat, and away we go, the bell clanging and the baby locomotive snorting and puffing just like a big locomotive does. Whew! but we are moving fast! There is a good deal of power in that little engine. Along and along, around a curve, then another; there is a grating sound, and we stop by the side of a station. Why, it's like a doll's house, but it contains a ticket office and waiting rooms, and in front is a semaphore signal. "We're on a side track!" you exclaim, and then, rounding a curve, perhaps fifty feet away, you see another Lilliputian train coming toward you.

It's too bad they didn't have these trains in Gulliver's day. Then they wouldn't have had to hitch up two thousand horses in order to drag him into the city, from the place where he was thrown on the beach.

Many of you have, of course, heard a doll say "ma-ma, ma-ma," and you have all doubtless seen dolls that can open and shut their eyes. But they are making a doll for the world's fair that will talk an entire sentence to you. Won't it seem strange to have one of those waxen-faced, fluffy-haired creations open its red lips and say, "I'm pretty well, I thank you. How are you?"

But more than that, they are going to show you how dolls are made. There is to be a doll factory on the grounds, and you will learn just how, by a system of bellows, the dolls are made to imitate the human voice, and how they open and close their eyes, and move their arms and legs.

It will be so with everything at this exposition. You are to be shown how things are made—your lead pencil will be made before your eyes, from strips of cedar and a piece of graphite. Your geography? Yes, men will be at work setting up type to print the book, and others will be drawing and coloring the maps.

STAGE LIGHTNING MADE.

How often at a matinee you have wondered if that is real lightning you have seen on the stage, and if that is real thunder that has boomed from the wings; and you have wondered if the fire dancers didn't get badly burned. At the Louisiana Purchase Exposition you will be given a view behind the curtain, and will see how stage lightning is made, how the noise of thunder is imitated, how wind is produced, and how snow is let fall from above, as it does during the first act of "The Two Orphans."

But talking of snow, how pleasing it will be to see the white flakes falling in the months of July and August, and to see them without having to take a trip near the poles. That's another treat which St. Louis has in store, and in the same building where one can see this midwinter storm there will be the largest artificial ice skating rink in the world.

Mentioning the weather, there's a man who is preparing an illusion for The Pike, where one can go through a cyclone and not be hurt.

The Pike—and this is the name for the concessions street, which in Chicago was called the Midway Plaisance—will be a most wonderful place, showing something from every country in the world, a Japanese tea garden beside an Alpine village and a Mohammedan temple near a Chinese pagoda.

Did you ever hear of "Hardscrabble?" The name is familiar, is it not? That was the farm where Ulysses S. Grant lived long before he became commander-in-chief of the Union armies. The general was not a very good farmer, and perhaps that is why he gave this name to his home while he was trying to support his family in St. Louis county by cultivating corn and potatoes. You will be able to see "Hardscrabble" at the fair, for the house has been moved from the spot where it was built to within the site, and the grounds around it have been arranged as were the grounds around the old homestead, even to the flower bed in front of the front door where Fred Grant—now in turn a general in the army—used to pull weeds from between the paeonies.

Think of seeing the Mount of Olives and other sights that one travels thousands of miles to view in the Holy Land! A million dollars is being expended to make a perfect reproduction of Jerusalem within the world's fair inclosure, and it is promised that everything—buildings, streets, hills and rivers—will be faithfully presented, even persons and animals coming from the Holy City to give life to the scene.

Policy of Colored People.

Boston Journal.

The colored people of this country have just cause for irritation. They find themselves the objects of unfair discrimination North and South; and they are hardly treated. But the practical question for them is whether they shall make the situation more difficult by rash words and deeds or whether by strengthening the forces of education and industry which are at work among them they shall so elevate themselves in all that makes for real manhood as ultimately to put to confusion those who would deny them a fair chance.

A Case of Public Ownership.

Kansas City Journal.

"There is not a printer or editor in the United States," says the Springfield Republican, "who does not know that the big plant at Washington is the most extravagantly constructed printing establishment in the world." Surely this cannot be. It is a shining example of public ownership, and there are any number of reformers who solemnly assure us that public-owned enterprises are much better every way than those owned and operated by private companies.

BRAINS AND RASCALITY

AN OLD SLEUTH TALKS ABOUT CROOKS OF FORMER DAYS.

Criminals of the Present Do Not Have the Gray Matter That Old-Timers Exhibited.

EDUCATION WAS A FACTOR

MANY THIEVES USED TO BE CULTURED COLLEGE GRADUATES.

The Modern Grafter Is Often Shrewd, but He Is Not Nearly So Much of an Artist.

"There is always plenty of work for detectives in Indianapolis or any other large town," remarked a retired local sleuth the other afternoon while in a talkative mood, "but there are not nearly so many mysterious problems of the Sherlock Holmes order to unravel nowadays as there were a quarter of a century ago. In the first place, the crook of to-day—the average crook, I mean—doesn't seem to possess the brains of the rascal of other days. When I was having my first years of professional experience I ran up against many men of rare intelligence and cunning who were engaged in various kinds of swindles and 'con games,' but to-day the detective has to deal mostly with a comparatively ignorant and even stupid class.

"Most of the criminals of the present generation depend nearly altogether upon either chance or brute force. How different it was with some of those precious rascals of my early days at the business! Time and again the greatest detectives in the country were completely baffled in trying to figure out the puzzles prepared for them by the brainy individuals who were giving up their time to the dangerous occupation of getting rich without working. Of course, it must not be imagined for a moment that there are no clever crooks at the present time, for there are some of 'em at work in every city of any consequence throughout the United States, but what I mean to say is that the more ingenious swindlers and sharpers are not nearly so common as they used to be.

"The modern criminal may be somewhat bolder than his fellows of the past, but he is not so thorough an artist. Once in a long while a chap who belongs to the intellectual school of crooks turns up in this vicinity, and such a fellow usually causes the detectives more trouble than a half-dozen crooks of the ordinary stamp. The detectives, however, have little to do nowadays save to hunt down a rather cheap lot of lawbreakers. Your twentieth century criminal doesn't possess the same pride in his work that his predecessors of the old days always felt. He is content, as a rule, to tackle any 'job' that will bring him in enough money to supply his immediate wants. The dishonest operators of the past would have turned up their noses at the very thought of putting themselves on the outs with the law of the land in order to acquire a small sum. When they went in for a 'job' you can bet they went in up to their necks, and if they came out successfully they carried away a pile of money with them. Some of those rascals were so surprisingly smart at their games that